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ert. A few brief words passed between them, when rushing into each other's embrace, they shed tears at the meeting, and long and loving was the first kiss of greeting. Gentle reader, the minstrel-wanderer was Moria!

It was winter, and Cobthach's palace of Dencrea, near Rosscarberry, was the scene of feasting and mirth. The day had been spent chasing the deer over the hills of Erin, and the night was now passing in joyous festivity. The monarch was reclined on a magnificent couch in the midst of his princes and nobles, when an old man enveloped in a grey mantle from head to foot, entered the hall of banquet, and placed himself at the fire. He was dressed in a druid's habit, appeared very aged and feeble, and without speaking, he glanced a keen dark eye on each and all, and took his seat. The king and nobles eyed him with wonder and astonishment, but did not speak; there was a mystery about his appearance which the king did not feel inclined in his heart to elucidate.—But among the young warriors there were sneers and suppressed titters, until one bolder than the rest, addressed the old man.

"My father is old," said he; "why should he wander? He should have rested in his oak crowned cell this frightful night."

"Nay, my son," replied the druid, "fear not for me: the storm effects not the rock though it be old in the ocean; the winds and the waves dash harmlessly round it."

"But," replied the young man, "the rock is always young in its strength, and age has fallen heavily on my father."

"My head is hoary," replied the druid, "but—"

"Aye," interrupted another, "it is certainly very venerable, but time has dealt unfairly by this curling tress:" and he held up to the view of the rest a long black tress of hair. The laugh became general against the druid, in which the king was fain to join. The druid spoke not, but his eyes flashed terrific lightnings on all around. The king met his glance, and quailed beneath the fury of its meaning; an increasing hatred and dread was inspired within him, and he ordered the druid to leave his presence. It was then that the druid stood erect, and casting off his hoary disguise, with his long grey mantle, he appeared a youthful warrior, covered from helmet to heel in glittering armour, and with a powerful axe in his hand.

"Seize him," cried the King aloud; "seize the traitor;" but no one stirred to do his bidding. "Traitor, will you not stir," said he, fiercely striking one of the nobles that stood near him. The stroke roused the nobleman from his astonishment.

"Death to my honor," he cried aloud, "a blow from the blood-stained hand of Cobthach the usurper;" and unsheathing his blade, he rushed furiously upon the monarch: but numbers threw themselves between him and Cobthach. Strife of the most deadly nature was about taking place in the hall of feasting; for some of the princes and nobles siding with their injured compeer, and others joining the king, were about (forgetting the druid) to come-mingle in bloody broil; and the king, in the confusion, endeavoured to effect his escape; and, gliding from the combatants, made for a private door; but the mail-clad stranger, with the uplifted axe, stood ready to receive him. Cobthach turned to another entrance, but there the stranger stood before him again. Cobthach eyed him maliciously, and, drawing his sword, rushed on the stranger with determined courage; but the young man stepping from before the deadly thrust, with the uplifted axe dashed the usurper's skull to pieces. A cry arose from one who beheld the king fall, and saw the streaming axe raised high in the stranger's hand. The nobles gazed in astonishment, and the stranger spoke.

"The vengeance of my father's house is on my steel," he cried; "here in this hall, where Cobthach murdered my grandfather, Logary, the king, and my father, Olioll Ayné, the Good; here have I, Mayne, revenged their fall!"

Some shouted "long live the grandson of Logary!" but the greater number shouted, "Revenge on the murderer

of Cobthach!" and again wild tumult and the clash of arms arose within the hall. Mayne put a small horn to his mouth, and blew a shrill blast, which was answered from without; and soon the guards of the palace, surprised and unarmed, were seen flying before a band of strange soldiers, clad in polished armour, and soon the hall was filled with the victorious foreigners.

It is useless now to dwell longer on our history. The crown was given to Mayne, who then obtained the title of Labrach Loingséach; and who in a short time afterwards poused the beautiful and faithful Moria, as it was to her love and fidelity he owed the kingdom.

ATMOSPHERIC AIR.

It must be evident to those who study the works of nature, that she has not only contemplated and provided for the necessities and comforts, but also for the tastes and enjoyments of man. Thus while all the habitable portions of our earth are lavishly embellished with every thing to gratify the eye, and while the variety presented by them communicates pleasure, the whole is surrounded by an atmosphere, not only essential to the preservation of animal and vegetable life, but so transparent, that the various prospects which the earth presents may be seen with the greatest accuracy through it.

Air is a fluid, and like all other elastic fluids, yields to the slightest impulse, and is set in motion with the greatest ease. It is only upon this principle of its fluidity that its rapid motions (some winds moving at the rate of four thousand feet in a minute,) can be accounted for; and were it not for this property, no sound could dwell upon its bosom, or delight our ear with symphonious harmony.—Like a fluid, air presses in every direction; and however it may be consumed in the various operations of life, is immediately replaced by a fresh portion, which in defiance of our efforts to exclude it by doors and windows, forces its way through the smallest crevices, and performs that important office which Providence has allotted to it.

Had we no atmosphere, the moment the sun sank under the horizon we should experience such instantaneous darkness, and when he rose again, such instantaneous light, as would completely destroy our powers of vision; but Providence has so ordained it, that the sun illuminates the atmosphere some time before he rises and after he sets; thus making twilight, and relieving our eyes by a gradual light and shade. This atmosphere, which is computed to extend forty-five miles above the earth's surface, in its lower part is dense or heavy, while the upper part rare or thin; hence there is more air in a square foot on the earth's surface than in ten square feet at the elevation of a mile, consequently where it is continually in use there is a never failing supply.

When Robertson and Jackaroff ascended in an air balloon from Petersburg, in June 1804, they took some live pigeons with them; at different heights they gave liberty to their birds, who seemed very unwilling to accept it; they were so terrified with their situation, that they clung to the boat until forced from it; nor were their fears groundless, for on account of the thinness and rarity of the air, their wings were nearly useless, and they fell towards the earth with great rapidity. The second struggled with eagerness to regain the balloon, but in vain; and the third, thrown out at the greatest elevation, fell towards the earth like a stone, so that they supposed he did not reach it alive. This circumstance affords a proof of the suitableness of every creature for the medium in which it lives: the density of the air near the earth is exactly what is requisite for the residence of the feathered tribes.

By the immense pressure which this atmosphere exerts upon all bodies, and which is computed to be 2160 pounds weight on every square foot, they are prevented from flying or evaporating from the earth; were it not for this, we should not have a drop of water on the earth, and every blood vessel in our bodies would expand and burst. When Count Zambecari and his companions ascended in a balloon on the 7th of November, 1783, they found, on arriving at a great height, their hands and feet so swollen, that it was necessary for one of the party, who

was a physician, to make incisions in the skin. The reason is very obvious; they ascended to so great a height that the pressure of the atmosphere was not sufficient to counterbalance the pressure of the fluids of the body. Persons who have delicate constitutions need not wonder at being affected by a change of weather, when they learn that often in the course of a few hours, there is an increase or diminution of from one hundred to half a ton of atmospheric pressure on each individual, while the internal pressure of the circulating fluids remains the same; but it is necessary to remark that the air presses upwards and downwards, and sideways; and that it is owing to this equal pressure that we are not injured by the vast weight of the atmosphere; for the equal pressure on all sides resists, as much as it is resisted.

Under the pressure of the atmosphere water boils at 212 degrees of Fahrenheit; but when the air is exhausted by the air pump, it boils and evaporates at 67 degrees, which proves the necessity of a ponderous and binding atmosphere. It is the density of the air which enables it to hold in a gaseous state the water which has been raised by evaporation. It appears that a cubic foot of air will hold eleven grains of water in solution. In the interior of Africa, at a particular season, a wind called the Harmattan prevails, which is so dry that the panels of wainscots are split, boarded floors laid open, and the scarf-skin peels off during its continuance; were it not for the property that atmospheric air has of holding water in solution, this would be the case every where. It is to this same property we are indebted for the rains and dews which fertilize our plains.

E. B.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote of the celebrated Anthony Malone, Esq. (whose biography was given in the 26th number of the Dublin Penny Journal), is authentic, which may be found useful as well as amusing:

"A naval officer having feed him to plead in his cause, when the cause came on Malone was absent. The officer was obliged to plead himself, and in the evening he waited on Malone to demand his fee back again. Malone said he had been engaged in some one of the other courts, and by the etiquette of his profession, such must be deemed a sufficient excuse. "Oh! Sir," said the officer, no person can have greater deference for professional etiquettes than I have, and I shall never trouble you again respecting the fee; but, Sir, the profession to which I belong, has also etiquettes, and one of them is, never to refuse a meeting to any gentleman who requires it; now, as I have subscribed to the etiquette of your profession, I insist upon it, that you shall subscribe to the etiquette of mine." The officer accompanied the remark by producing a pair of duelling pistols. It may be unnecessary to say, that in this instance Counsellor M. soon waved his professional etiquette, and returned the fee.

J. D.

Sir Walter Raleigh, when on a visit at the country-house of a nobleman, overheard, early in the morning, the lady of the house enquiring whether the pigs had had their breakfast. When she came down stairs, Sir Walter, after the first compliments, jocosely asked her, whether the pigs had breakfasted. No, replied the lady, not all of them, for you have not had yours yet.

COUNSEL.

Friend! do not crouch to those above,
Friend! do not tread on those below:
Love those—they're worthy of thy love,
Love these, and thou wilt make them so.

Wernicke.

The world is but an opera show,
We come, look round, and then we go.

Gryphius.

OPIUM.

Opium is the juice of the papaver album, or white poppy, with which the fields of Asia Minor are in many places sown. When the heads are near ripening, the proprietor has the head wounded with an instrument that has five edges, which on being struck into it, makes at once five long cuts in it, and from these wounds the opium flows, and is next day taken off by a person who goes round the field, and put into a vessel which he carries fastened to his girdle. At the same time that this opium is collected, the opposite side of the poppy-head is wounded, and the opium collected from it the ensuing day. The first juice afforded by the plant is far superior to what is obtained afterwards. After the opium is collected, it is moistened with a small quantity of water or honey, and worked a long time upon a flat smooth board, with a thick and long instrument of the same wood, till it becomes of the consistence of pitch, and then it is worked up with the hands, and formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Opium contains gum, resin, essential oil and salt, and earthy matter; but its narcotic and somniferous power has been experimentally found to reside in its essential oil.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S LOVE?

Lines suggested on being told "woman never loves."

What is her love? A bright fixed star,
That ever beams on him afar
Who first awoke it into life,
But to encrease her "being's strife."
A spring of feeling and of thought,
Which, oftentimes, is too dearly bought;
A feverish dream—a charm—a spell
Of deepest power—what tongue can tell?
A lute whose every chord is strung
With fervor, and with flowers hung;
A restless, happy, mournful thing,
Which ever to that one will cling
Who won her first, her changeless love!
Such then is woman's love!—a deep,
A hallow'd thing, that will not sleep;
A bark whose freight is hopes, and fears,
Sorrow, and joy, and smiles and tears;
Now lightly sailing o'er the wave
Of sunny hope, to fancy's cave;
Now tossed upon the anxious sea
Of doubt, and care, and mystery;
And now, triumphant o'er the tide,
With bright affection for its guide.

Ballymore.

A. M. C. F.

ADDRESS OF MISS NANCY HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I do not like the man that's tall,
A man that's little is worse than all.
I much abhor a man that's fat,
A man that's lean is worse than that.
A young man is a constant pest,
An old one would my room infest.
Nor do I like a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear.
A man of sense I could not rule,
And yet I could not love a fool.
A sober man I will not take,
A drunken man my heart would break.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state.

DUBLIN:

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